VISIT…

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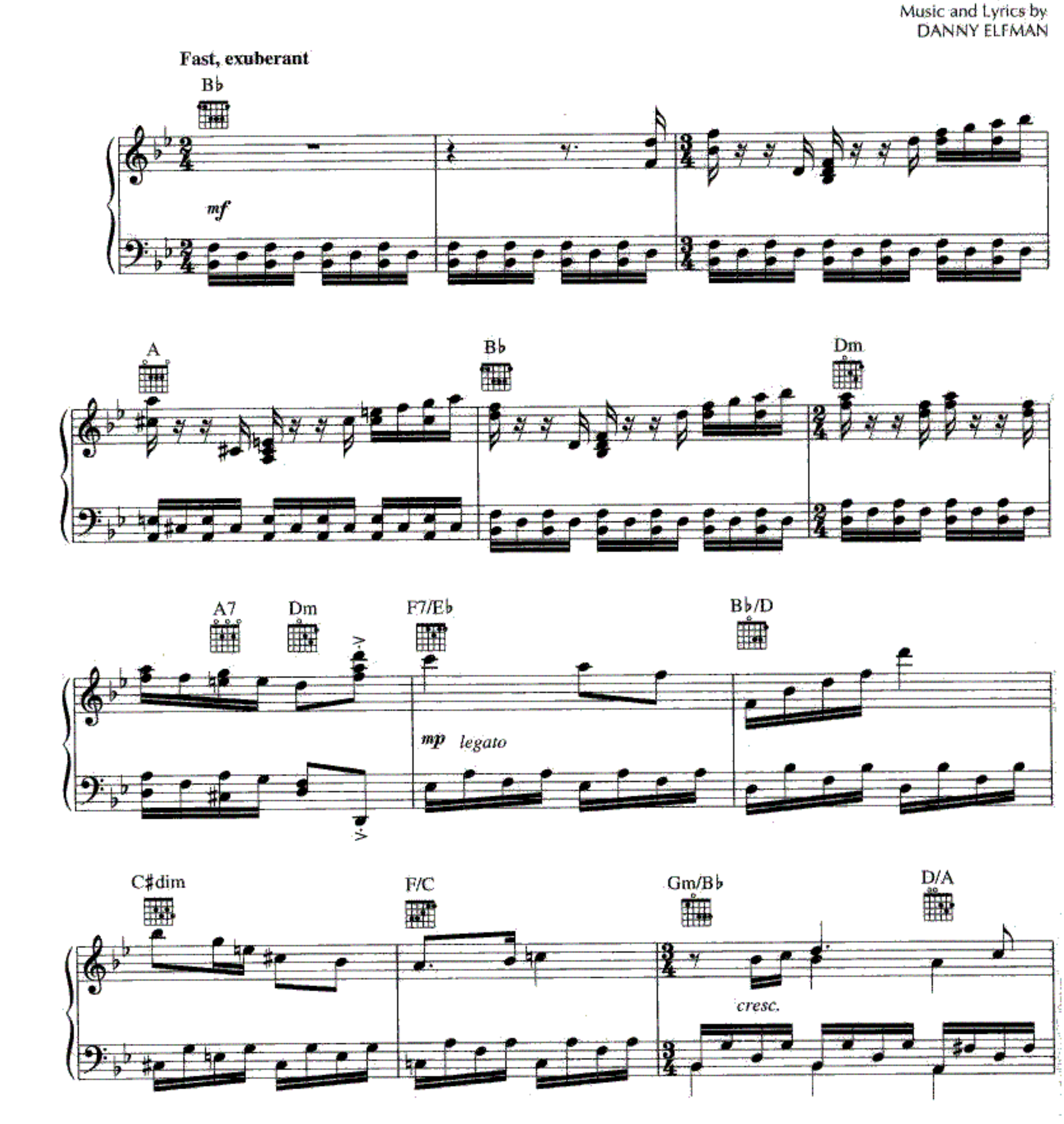
WHAT'S THIS?

Music and Lyrics by
DANNY ELFMAN



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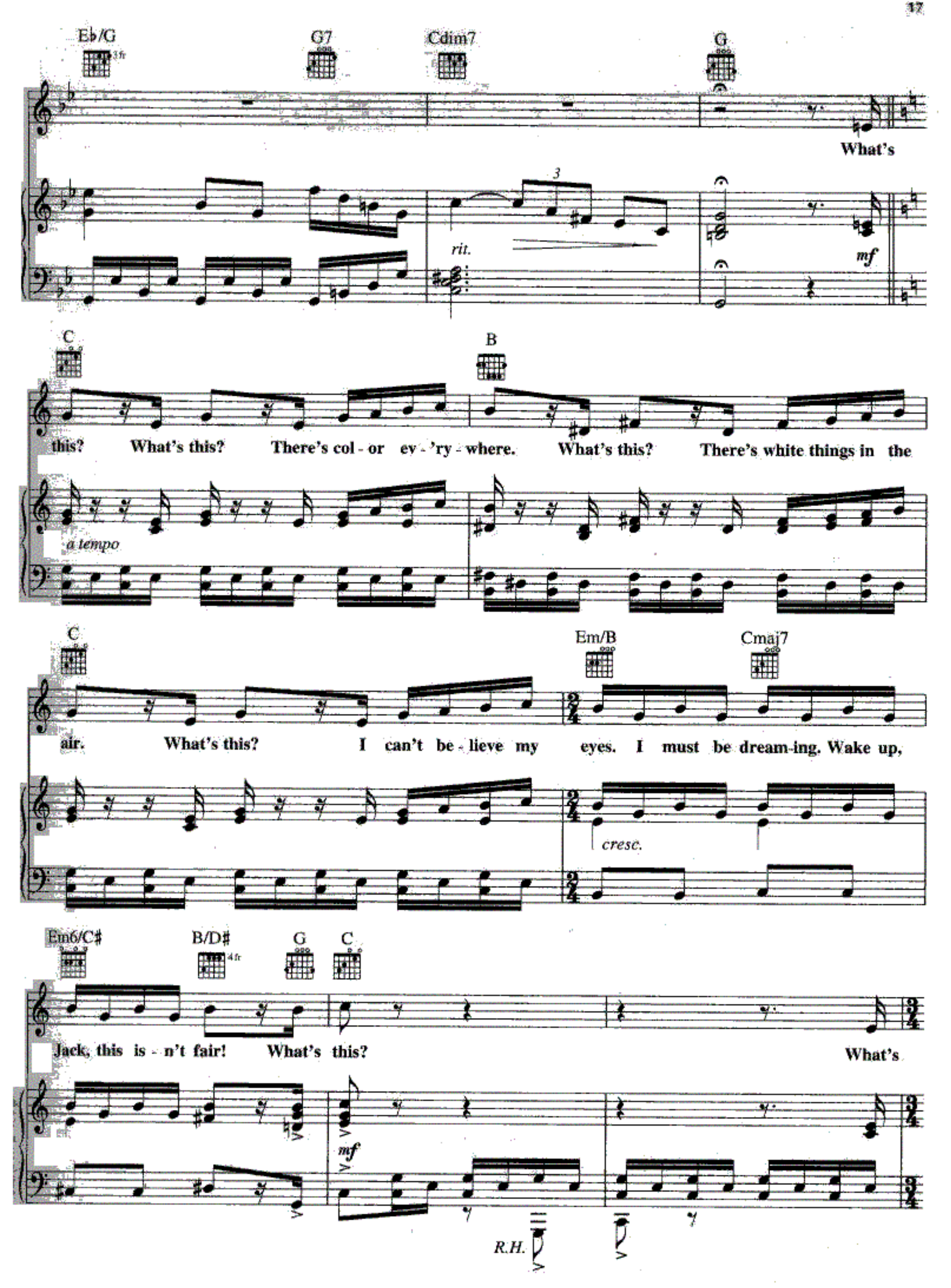
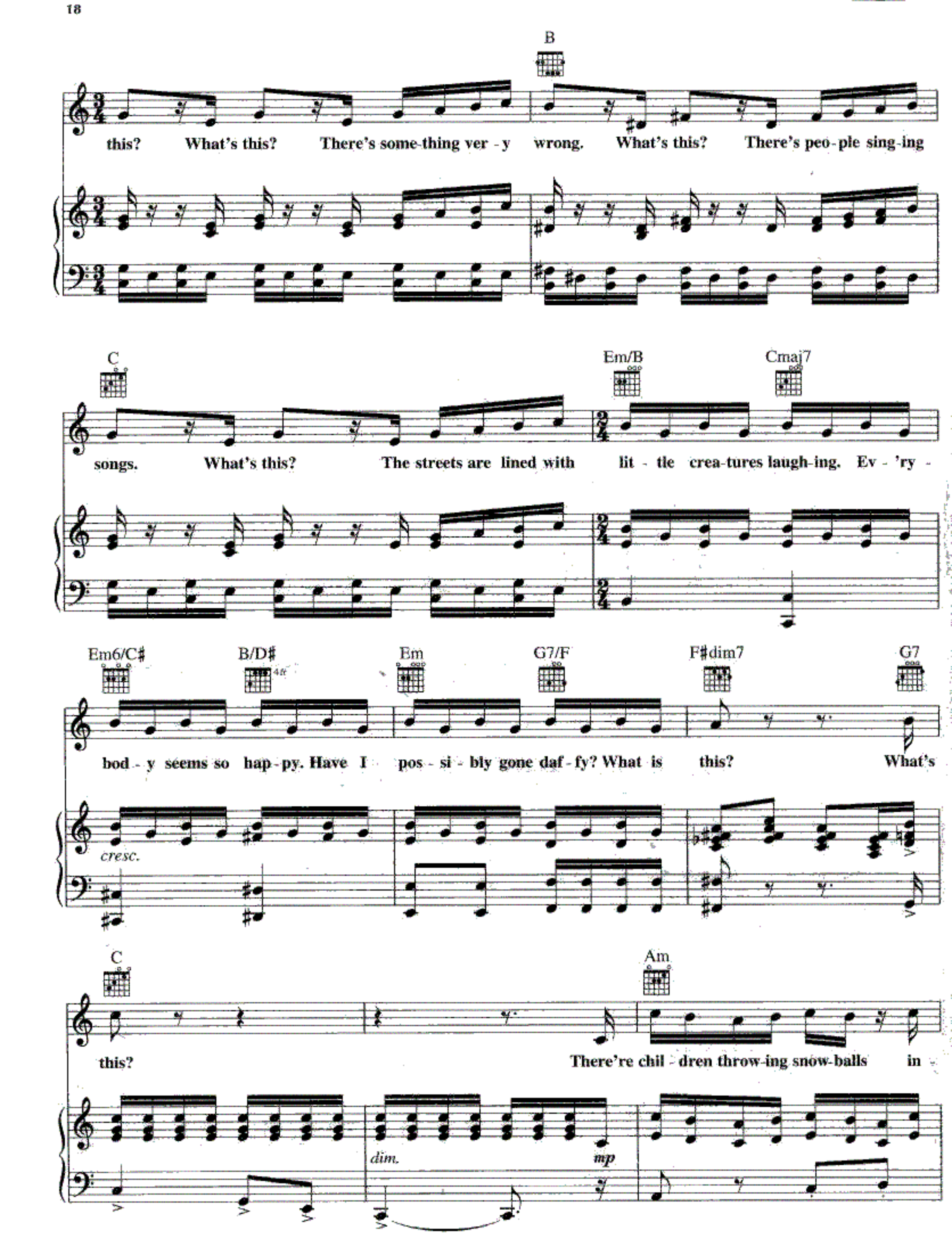
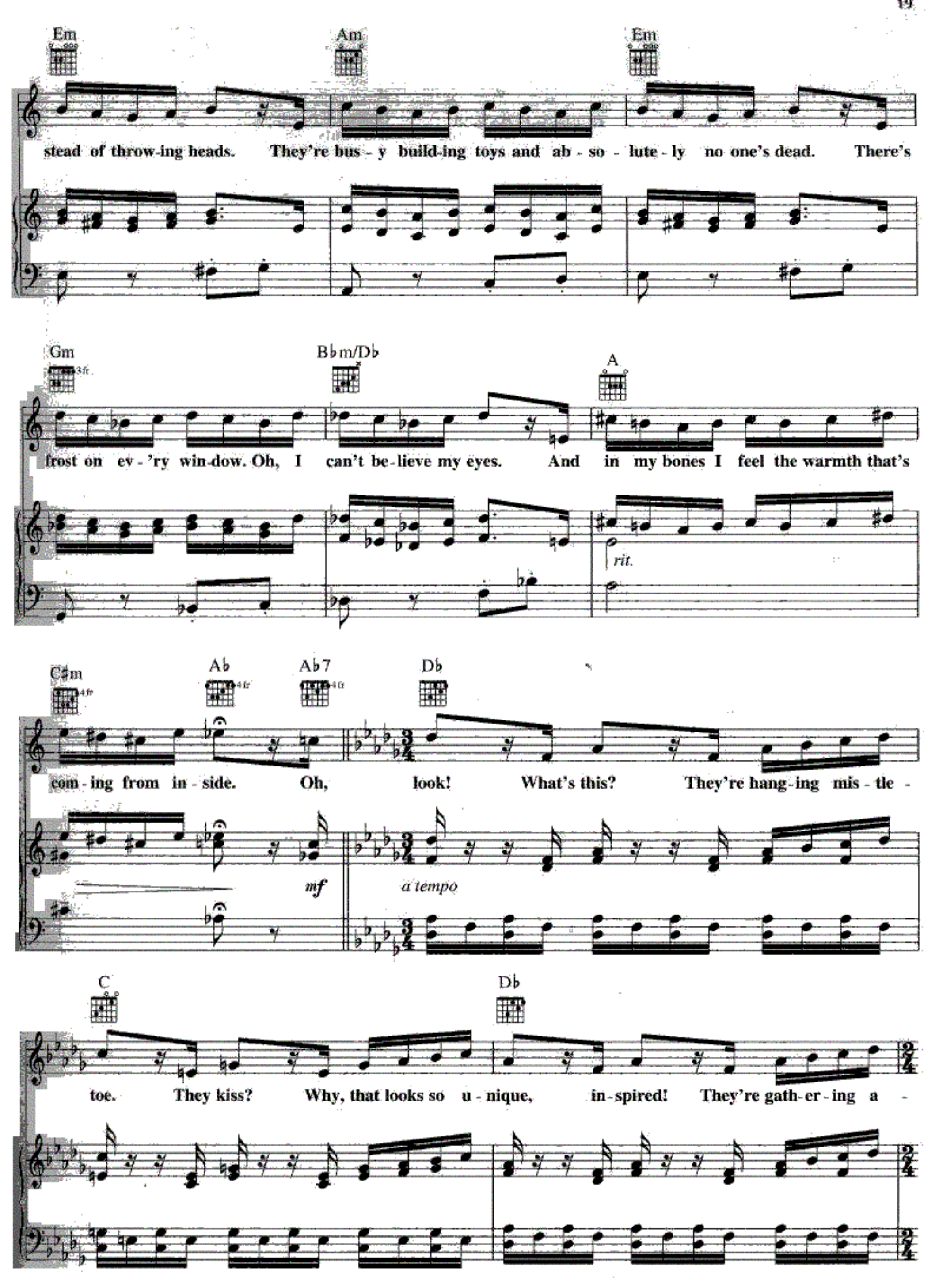

Eb/G
G7
Cdim7
G
What's
rit.
mf
C
B
this? What's this? There's col - or ev - 'ry - where. What's this? There's white things in the
a tempo
C
Em/B
Cmaj7
air. What's this? I can't be - lieve my eyes. I must be dream-ing. Wake up,
cresc.
Em6/C♯
B/D♯
G
C
Jack, this is - n't fair! What's this? What's
mf
R.H.


B
this? What's this? There's some-thing ver - y wrong. What's this? There's peo - ple sing-ing
C
Em/B
Cmaj7
songs. What's this? The streets are lined with lit - tle crea-tures laugh-ing. Ev - 'ry -
Em6/C♯
B/D♯
Em
G7/F
F♯dim7
G7
bod - y seems so hap - py. Have I pos - si - bly gone daf - fy? What is this? What's
cresc.
C
Am
this? There're chil - dren throw-ing snow-balls in
dim.
mp


Em
Am
Em
stead of throw-ing heads. They're bus - y build-ing toys and ab - so - lute - ly no one's dead. There's
Gm
3fr
B♭m/D♭
A
frost on ev - 'ry win-dow. Oh, I can't be-lieve my eyes. And in my bones I feel the warmth that's
rit.
C♯m
4fr
A♭
4fr
A♭7
4fr
D♭
com - ing from in - side. Oh, look! What's this? They're hang-ing mis - tle -
mf
a tempo
C
D♭
toe. They kiss? Why, that looks so u - nique, in-spired! They're gath-er - ing a -

Fm/C | D♭maj7 | Fm6/D | C/E | A♭7

round to hear a sto - ry, roast - ing chest - nuts on a fire. What's

cresc.

D♭

this? What's this? In here they've got a lit - tle

mf

R.H.

C | D♭

tree. How queer! And who would ev - er think, and why? They're cov - 'ring it with

Fm | D♭maj7/F | F6 | C7

tin - y lit - tle things, they've got e - lec - tric lights on strings and there's a

cresc.

Fm Ab7 Dbdim7 A6 Db F/C

smile on ev-'ry-one. So now, cor-rect me if I'm wrong. This looks like fun! This looks like fun! Oh, could it

f

Bbm A+ Ab7 Db

be I got my wish? What's this? Oh my, what now? The chil-dren are a-

mp

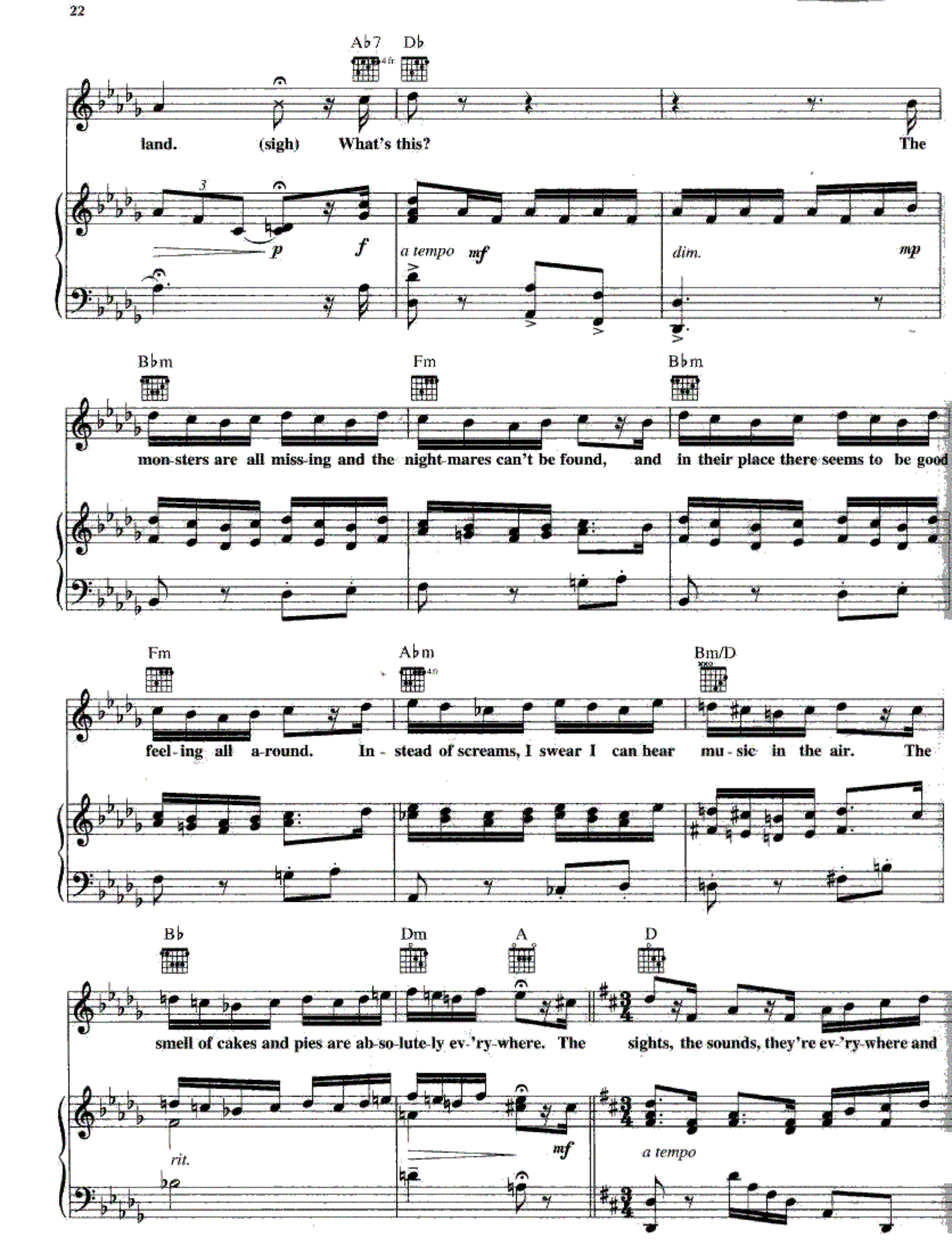
C Db

sleep. But look, there's noth-ing un-der-neath. No ghouls, no witch-es here to

Fm Dbmaj7/F Fm6 C+/E Fm Fm6/Ab

scream and scare them or en-snare them, on-ly lit-tle co-zy things se-cure in-side their dream

rit. *Slowly, tenderly*


A♭7
D♭
land. (sigh) What's this? The
p
f
a tempo
mf
dim.
mp
B♭m
Fm
B♭m
mon-sters are all miss-ing and the night-mares can't be found, and in their place there seems to be good
Fm
A♭m
Bm/D
feel-ing all a-round. In - stead of screams, I swear I can hear mu-sic in the air. The
B♭
Dm
A
D
smell of cakes and pies are ab-so-lute-ly ev-'ry-where. The sights, the sounds, they're ev-'ry-where and
rit.
mf
a tempo

C♯ D F♯m/C♯ Dmaj7

all a-round. I've nev-er felt so good be-fore. This emp-ty place in - side of me is fill-ing up. I

F♯m6/D♯ C♯/E♯ F♯m A7 G♯dim7

sim-ply can-not get e-nough. I want it, oh, I want it. Oh, I want it for my own. I've got to

cresc.

D F♯7/C♯ Bm B♭+ Dm/A B♭

know. I've got to know. What is this place that I have found? WHAT IS

ff

Bdim7 A no chord

THIS?! Christ - mas town? Hmmm...